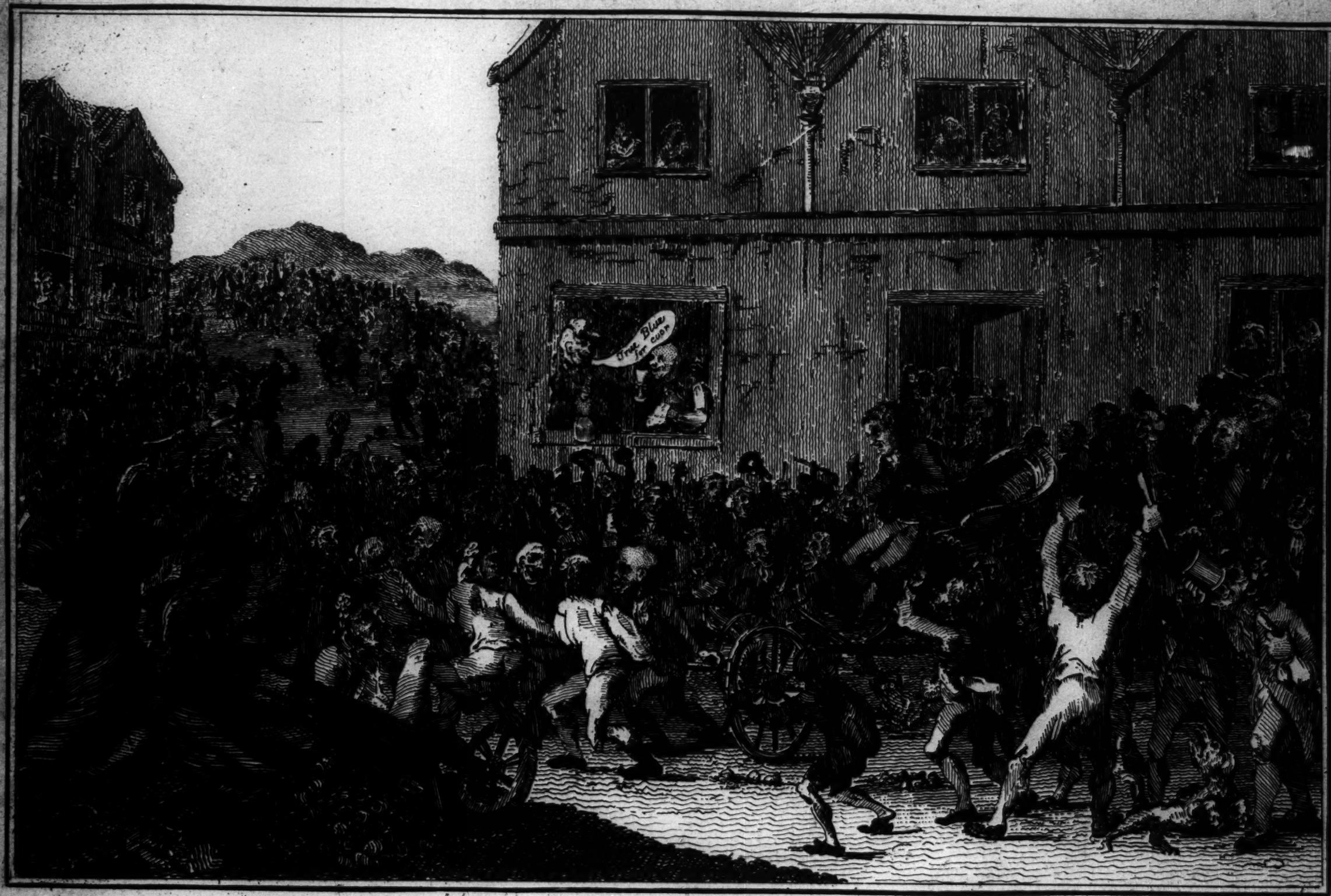


Citizen T-m-y drawn by the Populace through the Borough to the Grove-house at Camberwell



*The glorious triumph shouting mobs proclaim,
And the throng'd Grove-house echoes back my fame.*

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POLITICAL ECLOGUE.



CITIZEN H. T***E, CITIZEN T***RN*Y,
R. B. ESQ.

London.

PRINTED BY H. FRY, FINSBURY-PLACE.
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BRITISH MUSEUM

A.
POLITICAL ECLOGUE.

Citizen H. T****E, Citizen T**RN**Y, R. B. Efq.

Citizen H. T***E.

SAFE from the Borough's long-contested fray,
And all the labours of the well-fought day,
I greet my Friend; by L—rd—e approv'd,
Admir'd by S—e, and by B——d lov'd.

Citizen T**RN**Y.

O Thou, whose life adventurous early fir'd
My soul, and sanction'd all revenge inspir'd,
Urg'd me to emulate thy spurious fame,
Unblushing front, and proud contempt of shame;

To shun the paths by genuine worth prefer'd
 To court distinction from the growling herd;
 And under Friendship's sacred mask conceal
 The coward's rancour, and the assassin's steel;
 Behold at length my victory complete,
 And my proud Rival prostrate at my feet!
 The glorious triumph shouting mobs proclaim,
 And the throng'd Grove-house echoes back my fame.
 Yet though suppress'd by pride, and hid by art,
 Some lingering weakness hangs about my heart;
 Some slight compunction, 'mid success, belongs
 To Friendship outrag'd, and unquall'd wrongs.

Citizen H. T***E.

O shame, foul shame, to manhood, to the cause
 That spurns all feeling, ties, and rites, and laws!
 The stern Republican, whose steadfast mind
 Enjoys the storm that desolates mankind,
 Wrapp'd in the new Philosophy secure,
 Is fix'd alike to injure, or endure.

Citizen T**RN*Y.

To thy superior Genius, aw'd, I bend,
 And quit for ever relative and friend.
 Again my sky-blue Myrmidons arise,
 In full review, before my ravish'd eyes—
 On this lov'd theme enamour'd let me dwell,
 Count all their labours, all their prowess tell,
 And fondly to thy partial ear describe
 The zeal and follies of the mongrel tribe.
 I spoke, and Phrenzy kindled at the sound,
 And party's flaming Spirit rag'd around;
 That fell Magician, whose tremendous power
 Unchains the furies in their maddest hour;
 Whose wand, like death, lays all distinctions low,
 Unlocks the sources of domestic woe,
 Inflames the fiends of anarchy and strife,
 And stains with deepest shade the all of life.
 D--ll--s, the intrepid D--ll--s, rav'd amain,
 But still the doughty champion rav'd in vain,

My fans culottes around the huffings hung,

And drown'd his periods, ere they left his tongue ;

Staunch to their Friend, and by his cause inspir'd,

One soul inform'd them, and one demon fir'd.

John Bowyer's C——e, of Borough Jacobins the boast,

And giant A--c--k, in himself a host, *John Atterbury Esq*

Stung by each hostile vote, with fury burn'd, *Robert Barrington*

While the throng'd High-street sower grows return'd.

Trade's fordid habits own'd the genial hour,

And alter'd Nature felt its magic power ;

Sequester'd Parsimony learn'd to live,

And Pride to stoop, and Avarice to give ;

S——y his triple-bolted chest explor'd,

And drew, without a sigh, its glittering hoard ;

I grasp'd the gold, with self-applauding grins,

And bow'd obsequious to the Lord of skins.

*The starch Dissenter left the unfinish'd prayer,

And rent with shouts prophane the groaning air ;

* The worthy Citizen is not supposed, in this passage, to allude to the great body of Protestant Dissenters in general : whose Ministers are, many of them, men of the most

In vain the solitary Speaker growl'd,
 Prim Misses wept, and ancient Maidens howl'd ;
 No crowds besieg'd the Conventicle's door,
 And all the pious mummary was o'er.

Citizen H. T***E.

Unwearied, resolute, with happiest art,
 And skill consummate, thou hast play'd thy part ;
 Incessant toil'd the rabble to bewitch,
 To inflame the needy, and to fleece the rich :
 Shed round the poor Fanatic's darkling way
 One glimpse of reason, one enlivening ray ;
 Awhile suspended P—r's unmeaning rant,
 M—n's pert sneer, and A—y's holy cant ;

liberal sentiments, and the most cultivated talents ; but to the Preachers, or Speakers of those mixed and heterogenous Meetings, so frequently to be met with, particularly in the Borough, and its vicinity ; who are usually taken from the very lowest orders of the Community, whose ignorance can only be equalled by their impudence, and whose principal recommendation to their bigotted followers is their customary practice of railing at the Establishment.

The trembling faint from H—ll's mad pulpit led,
 And many a sinner sent, undamn'd, to bed.
 But bid, to fools and hypocrites, adieu—
 Far other prospects open to thy view ;
 Far other cares thy lab'ring mind await ;
 A plunder'd people, and a falling state.
 From scepter'd tyranny what carnage springs,
 What devastation from the pride of Kings !
 By England train'd, and ravenous for prey,
 The Imperial Eagle wings his deathful way ;
 From his dire beak affrighted regions fly,
 And trembling Nations shrink beneath his eye ;
 Hungarian Hell-hounds, from their desarts torn,
 With savage howlings wake the startled morn ;
 Climb the steep mountains, burst the impervious wood,
 And range with horrid joy through fields of blood :
 O'er Europe rolling in his fiery car,
 Aloft, the British Demon sounds to war ;
 From the four winds, from Hell's unfathom'd deep,
 Collects the storm, and points it where to sweep.

O haste, my Friend, and join the patriot band,
 That toil to rescue an ungrateful land ;
 To pluck from dying Freedom's latent foes
 The mask, and give the wearied world repose ;
 To wrest from Vanity its stars and strings ;
 And print on the dull sense of dotting Kings
 Those awful lessons, to oppressors read,
 When Charles expir'd, and wretched Louis bled.
 Yet in thy path shall many a thorn be found,
 And legal ruin still shall hover round ;
 Unjust Impeachments, Newgate's living grave,
 The Tower's black turrets frowning o'er the wave,
 Those self-devoted Democrats await,
 Who, rous'd, and anxious for their Country's fate,
 Unite to dissipate the impending storm,
 By French improvements, and by French reform.

R. B. ESQ.

Hail blissful Period, hail distinguished Age,
 Dear to the Saint, propitious to the Sage ;

Replete with grace, and copious in debate,
 To improve Religion, and reform the State !
 Enlighten'd Senates with reform resound,
 And drunken Gin-shops catch it in rebound :
 Still in our ears the eternal theme is rung,
 Fills every head, and dwells on every tongue.
 What wild and various systems of redress,
 In swift rotation, issue from the Press !
 Still growling o'er imaginary ills,
 Each Quack in politics displays his bills,
 Fill'd with receipts to cure all parts unsound,
 Heal every sore, and med'cine every wound.
 Yet does no *real* Grievance walk the land,
 And ask correction from some skilful hand ?
 No follies, crimes, their harden'd front display,
 And bask and riot in the blaze of day ?

Commission'd by the laws to prey on men,
 The sanctioned Savage issues from his den,

And, proud his brutal vigilance to prove,
 Bursts on some little family of love.
 Speechless with grief, and fainting with her fears,
 In vain the wretched Wife dissolves in tears ;
 In vain her Husband o'er and o'er is prest,
 In fond detention, to her throbbing breast ;
 Unmov'd by female woe, or female charms,
 The obdurate Russian tears him from her arms,
 And rushing through the night's tempestuous gloom,
 Consigns the imprison'd victim to his doom.
 Shield her, just Heaven, ah, shield the widow'd wife
 From the wild passion's heart-consuming strife !
 Speak comfort to her wounded mind, and steep
 Her wilder'd senses in oblivious sleep—
 Rous'd by the storm from short and broken rest,
 She feels the vultures fasten on her breast ;
 While the poor infant, whom that breast sustains,
 For food draws poison from her burning veins.
 Oft her lov'd Boy, oppress'd by sudden fears,
 Sits by her side, and counts his Mother's tears ;

And quitting in disgust his wonted play,
 Still weeps and wonders at his Sire's delay.
 Ah, wretched Sire ! o'erwhelm'd by fate's decree,
 Nor Wife nor Children thou again shalt see—
 By friends neglected, and oppress'd by foes,
 Bereft of hope, and brooding o'er his woes,
 Round for relief he throws his searching eyes,
 And shuddering at the dreary prospect, dies.

What skill in proper colours can portray
 The reigning taste, the insatiate lust of play ?
 With eyes distorted, and dishevell'd locks,
 The female Gameller shakes the thundering box,
 Disdaining sleep ; or, o'er an empty purse,
 Mutters through ivory teeth the embryo curse.
 Ah, where is now the bosom's dear repose,
 And where the blush of health that sham'd the rose ?
 Shunn'd by the virtuous, and by knaves careles'd,
 Abroad uneasy, and at home unbless'd,

From cards to dice, from dice to cards she flies,
 Dishonour'd lives, and unlamented dies.

Though, 'mid the excesses of Imperial Rome,
 That blot her page, and urg'd her final doom,
 This, like a comet, shot its baneful ray,
 And hung portentous o'er her splendid day;
 Yet, while her sons preserv'd her ancient fame,
 Ere Grecian manners quench'd the Sabine flame,
 Prone as they were to frailty and to vice,
 Their *Pagan* virtue shunn'd the fatal dice.

Such once was Britain—when her Nobles rose
 Their Country's pride, the terror of her foes.

'Twas theirs, unconscious of *Neumarket's* course,
 For *Gallie* plains to train the warrior horse;
 Unmov'd the flock of charging hosts to bear,
 Or rush in thunder on the flying rear.

With kind regard along the peaceful day,
 They smooth'd the drooping peasant's rugged way;
 Nor lost the impression of a casual sigh,
 In the mad gambols of the bounding die;

Nor saw unmov'd the widow's silent tear,
 Nor in the grov'ling Jockey sunk the Peer.
 O be once more the patriot flame reveal'd,
 That wither'd France on Cressy's glorious field !
 O catch, ye Britons, catch the sacred rage,
 Warm'd by the Poet's, or the Historian's page,
 Where either Edward swells the lists of fame,
 And nations tremble at the magic name !
 So shall the British Sun unclouded reign,
 And gild your triumphs on the subject main ;
 Dart on your rival a portentous gleam,
 And blast her Genius with its scorching beam.

From modish dissipation turn to crimes,
 That big with ruin stigmatize the times,
 On which a nation's maledictions fall—
 Though not the sharpest acid, bitterest gall,
 That ever flow'd from Wolcot's pungent quill,
 Fermented by the Muse's potent skill,
 Can to reproof such damning force convey,
 As suits the subject of my present lay.

Safe in her cavern, where unseen she dwells,
The Hag, Monopoly, prepares her spells,
Selects her charms, and calls up all her arts,
Till Famine from unwasting Plenty starts,
Not she, the phantom of the Poet's brain,
Squalid, deform'd, and foul with many a blain,
Over whose meagre shape a ragged plaid
Was once by Churchill's local humour laid;
Nor she, who baneful o'er the soil presides,
When the shrunk Nile withholds his annual tides;
That cruel Spoiler, whose detested reign
Flings desolation o'er the drooping plain;
But she, who cloath'd by fraud in artful guise,
Rises a monster to *deluded* eyes,
And unrelenting darts her poison'd spear
Through the rich promise of the fruitful year.
Ill-fated Britain! what avails thy boast
Of cultivation, what, thy happy coast;
Thy verdant meads, and fertilizing rills,
Thy lowing vallies, and thy bleating hills?

Ah, what, thy harvests waving o'er the plain,
 With all their golden plenitude of grain,
 The bloom that decorates thy rural scene,
 Thy clime salubrious, and eternal green?
 In vain thy suns their heat prolific lend,
 In vain thy vivifying dews descend,
 In vain thy summer's fostering breezes blow,
 Thy clouds drop plenty on the vales below,
 Indulgent seasons bless thy rich domain,
 And Heaven consents, and Nature smiles in vain.
 Some envious Demon mars the peasant's toil,
 And scowls malignant o'er thy fruitful soil,
 Blasts its fair produce, like a tainted gale,
 And bids *fictitious scarcity* prevail
 O'er all the efforts of the plough and loom;
 Of arts the bane, of industry the tomb.
 Here point thy rage; be thine the nobler aim,
 To brand oppression with the scourge of shame:
 Plead for the unfriended poor, assert their cause,
 And wake the numbing vengeance of the laws

To snatch from avarice its helpless prey,
And drag the lurking robbers into day.

Or bid thy fancy stretch its daring flight
To Afric's gorgeous realms of heat and light;
See other robbers range her burning plains,
For human spoil, and execrable gains;
Fell as the fellest monsters of the wood,
Whose joy is havoc, and whose traffic blood.

See, torn for ever from their native land,
From friends and kindred, shivering on the strand;
The miserable herd—ye tempests rise,
Ye raging billows, drown their piercing cries;
Thou, ocean, open thy tremendous womb,
And quench their anguish in its watry tomb.

Citizen H. T***E.

What baseless plans, what visionary schemes,
Form the wild system of that dotard's dreams,
Who idly hopes, reversing Nature's laws,
To change the effect, and yet retain the cause.

When the foul gangrene taints the springs of life,
 Science applies the caustic, or the knife,
 And calm pursues its medical career,
 Deaf to the fond remonstrances of fear.
 In happier times, the free-born mind withstood
 The pride of rank, and arrogance of blood;
 And, to no Party's standard meanly chain'd,
 The titled Tyrant's growing power restrain'd.
 Upheld by custom, by success allur'd,
 By boundless wealth and patronage secur'd,
 What efforts, now, shall curb the encroaching Peer,
 What power arrest him in his proud career?
 In vain the Nation's patriot strength has try'd
 To stem Corruption's all-involving tide——
 When the strong pleas of right and reason fail,
 'Tis *extirpation* can alone prevail.

Citizen T**RN*y.

Let Mitres, Coronets, and Crowns, and all,
 In one wide ruin undistinguish'd fall,

Wide as their execrable sphere extends ;

But spare the C-mm-ns, spare my virtuous friends—

Aided by them, I seize the glorious prize,

*Nor shall one struggling murmur dare to rise ;

I tread on T--ll--n, dismay'd, forlorn,

And laugh his proud majority to scorn.

Once more the Puritanic Whore may reign,

And Cromwell's halcyon days revive again ;

(Congenial Preachers, train'd to whine and sigh,

The Borough's learned pulpits can supply :))

†Stern Joyce, in P--t--r, may again display

His martial skill, and Bradshaw rise in G--y ;

I, the prompt Cur, to yelp at thy command,

And thou, the Lord Protector of the land.

* Alluding to the animadversions of C---l P--t--r, in the H--e of C-mm--s, on the late Petition from the Borough.

† Joyce is styled, by Hume, "an active Agitator in the Army." He was sent with a body of horse by Cromwell to seize the person of the King, and to carry him off by force ; which he performed effectually.

